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IN VACATION.

"Cheer up, old man; why don't you drown your sorrow?"

"She's bigger than I am, and besides, it would be murder!"

An Exception to the Rule.—"Always mind your own business," says a writer. "It doesn't pay to get mixed up in other people's quarrels." Nonsense! That's how the lawyer makes his living.—*Boston Transcript*.

Cause and Result.—"Why is it that a red-headed woman always marries a very meek man?"

"She doesn't. He just gets that way."

Facetiae Undicorum.—A man walked into a drug store and handed the assistant a paper containing some white powder. "I say," he said, "what do you think that is? Just taste it and tell me your opinion."

The clerk smelled it, then touched it with his tongue. "Well, I should say that it was soda."

"That's just what I said," was the triumphant reply. "But my wife said it was rat poison. You might try it again to make sure."

Proximate Cause.—In a quiet Virginia Village whose environment had changed little since "Before the war" there lived two old neighbors who spent most of their time in suing each other in the Justice's court for all sorts of grievances, real and imaginary, and generally about matters too trivial to engage a court's attention. Finally Mr. H. applied to a justice for a warrant against Mr. D. for damages and stated his cause of action about as follows: Buzzards had invaded his premises, lighted on the chimney of his house, knocked off some loose bricks which had fallen on his roof and knocked a hole in the roof, thereby causing his roof to leak. When the astonished justice asked Mr. H. upon what theory he attempted to hold Mr. D. liable for these damages to his house, he confidently replied that Mr. D. had kept his premises so filthy that he had attracted the buzzards.

J. S. E.

The Same But Different.—An old Scotchman, David Gordon, was seriously ill, with scant hope for recovery. He had been wheedled into making a will by relatives, and these were gathered about his bedside watching him laborously trying to sign it. He was as far as D—A—V—I—then fell back exhausted.

"D, uncle David, D," extorted a nephew.

"Dee!" ejaculated the old Scot wrathfully, but with indignation. "I'll dee when I'm ready, ye avaricious wretch."—*American Legion Weekly*.